



*Daniel W. Hallier*

**SOLITUDE:**

AND

**OTHER POEMS,**

BY

**AN OLD RESIDENT OF NEW BRUNSWICK.**

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**FREDERICTON, N. B.**

**PRINTED AT THE SENTINEL OFFICE.**

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**1842.**

LP  
PS 8400  
A606

4.60

22.1.38

Book Farm

Bell Fund

### ADVERTISEMENT.

*Some of the following sketches have been already published in the Fredericton newspapers; and their collection in the present instance—though in a diminutive form—will at least tend to preserve them for one whose solicitude for their welfare cannot be looked upon with wonder.*

*It were needless to add, that if they may be the means of communicating any pleasure to the friendly reader, the author will have his reward.*  
*Fredericton, January 4, 1842.*

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## SOLITUDE.

THE Sun is rising high, one lonely cloud,  
 Draws its fantastic form along the bright  
 Blue arch of heav'n. Retiring from the loud  
 And ceaseless noise, where these lone shades invite,  
 I sit me down with silence, to indite  
 My pensive song : sweet contemplation come !  
 And aid my artless musings, while I write  
 The charms of solitude, the woodland home,  
 The calm abode of peace, where strife can never come.

The mountain rose just blushing from its bud,  
 The stately pine that lifts its branches far,  
 Hiding from gaudy day the gushing flood,  
 So purely chaste that e'en the morning star  
 May scarcely view its bosom from afar ;  
 Children of nature, these I love to trace ;  
 These the companions of my fancy are,  
 Deception lurks not in their artless face,  
 Nor guilt with them abides—dark parent of disgrace !

Here let me rest, in this secluded green,  
 Where flow'rs half hid the verdant shade adorn ;  
 —Like artless beauty blushing to be seen—  
 Still bending with the dewdrops of the morn,  
 Far in the shade, on nature's bosom born,  
 And nurs'd in silence, on their beds they bloom,  
 But ere the fickle moon has fill'd her horn,  
 The lilies droop—the roses meet their doom,  
 And the wild desert blast is rich with their perfume.



'Tis thus with Genius—o'er the spacious earth,  
 It flies abroad, and millions own its sway,  
 When the poor fragile stem which gave it birth  
 Lies blasted, wither'd, in the face of day :  
 For worth departed, nations may repay  
 The ready tear, the monumental urn,  
 'Tis well perhaps—but ah ! the humble clay,  
 No more alas ! with love of fame shall burn,  
 No more life's storms shall dread, or hope for joy's return.

And sad alas ! and numerous is the train,  
 Ordain'd to follow fancy's meteor fire ;  
 Who chase the phantom thro' a life of pain,  
 At last to see it tremble and expire :  
 From such, the cautious, and the cold retire,  
 As prudence bids, or int'rest leads the way ;  
 Unus'd to aid, though ever wont t' admire  
 The fond, the witching sweetness of the lay,  
 That bends the stubborn heart which yet it cannot sway !

In friendly shades like these, we seek repose,  
 Ne'er to the virtuous and the wise deny'd ;  
 From life's loud tumults and its sick'ning woes,  
 Its glare, its scorn, its perils and its pride :  
 Happy while from the bustling scene we hide,  
 To drink the rill, or tread the flow'ry sod ;  
 To taste the sweets from nature's hand supply'd—  
 To range the fields by folly seldom trod—  
 And less of man behold, but more of nature's God !

'Tis thine lov'd solitude, the heart to steal,  
 Back to the days when life's young pulse beat high ;  
 When joy's light laugh was heard in every gale,  
 And hope still revel'd in a cloudless sky :  
 To thee as to a friend, will memory fly ;  
 Thy twilight mild gives lustre to her gleams ;  
 As shines the meteor brightest, when the eye  
 Has lost its ken of rocks and fields and streams,  
 Shut out from every view, but heaven's ethereal beams.

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Oh! then we live again our boyish hours—

Back to each fav'rite spot our steps are led :  
The child once more is glad among his flowers,

Or sportive seeks the river's pebbled bed—

Ye shades of pleasures, wither'd long and fled !  
Like summer clouds ye spread your beauteous charms ;

While later scenes like dismal vapours bred  
From marshy pools, and cradled in the storms,  
Arise before the mind with dark repulsive forms !

Here too, with all the brilliancy of truth,

We see a young, a pigmy race pourtray'd ;

Friends of our childhood, partners of our youth,

They throng around, and people all the shade :

What though on India's burning plains are laid,  
The hands we grasp'd with youth's fond ardour warm ;

What though in ocean caves their beds be made,  
Or bleach'd beneath the Andes-sweeping storm,  
Still must their memory yield a never failing charm.

Blest contemplation ! hither would I come,

To seek thy converse far from madd'ning crowds ;

To trace the beauties of thy rural home,

Thy grassy throne and canopy of clouds ;—

Thy still retreat the God of nature shrouds,

From vulgar gaze of every boisterous foe ;

The mountain path, the close sequester'd woods,

Lead to thy shrine, where fairest wild-flowers grow,

And cool refreshing streams 'mid flow'ry grotto's flow.

When spring with all its loveliness is past,

When summer, glorious summer, leaves his bow'r's ;

When Autumn's placid smile is overcast,

And tyrant winter rules his stormy pow'r's ;

While round our shed the drifting snow and shower's,

Hide the fair earth with blustering long and rude ;

'Tis doubly sweet to spend the stormy hours,

Where life's worst ills forbidden to intrude,

Leave us to taste the joys of blissful solitude.

Thrice happy he who in the vale of life,  
 Has found some spot from noisy folly free ;  
 Where meek-by'd peace ne'er feels the shaft of strife,  
 Unus'd in courts or crowds to bend the knee :  
 Untaught to buffet life's tempestuous sea,  
 Without one favour from the world to crave ;  
 Nor gorg'd by wealth, nor shrunk by Poverty,  
 Till heaven at last recalls the life it gave,  
 And the green fern waves o'er the lonely hermit's grave !

### A MORNING REFLECTION.

THE first faint beam of morning silvers o'er  
 The river's breast, soft mirror of the sky !  
 The hills lift up their heads in deep repose,  
 Each on its everlasting base sustained :  
 While o'er their summits, plac'd in dark array,  
 The cloudy sentinels of heaven advance  
 With silent pace their ever varying forms.  
 'The moon dim-shining like some half-quench'd brand,  
 Seen between distant mountains, only shews  
 Her orb as if to mock the world's deep gloom.  
 Now slow retiring to their daily lair,  
 The timid deer and wary fox pursue  
 Their woodland track, oft starting at the sound  
 Of distant bell from fold or pasture borne ;  
 And ever as the night bird flaps her wing,  
 Or shooting upwards from their wat'ry home,  
 The scaly tenants of the cavern'd deep,  
 Essay to taste the night breeze on its way ;  
 The boatman weary leans upon his oar,

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And slowly drifts along the placid stream.

Now sleep, with bands from leaves of poppies wove,  
Ties down each eyelid soft, that clos'd in peace  
When night resum'd the sceptre of the skies,  
And curtain'd round the weary for repose.

Yet there are some who seek the couch of rest  
But not to sleep; the mind mysterious power!  
Urg'd by strong passion shakes its humble home

With throes convulsive; such as earth must feel,  
When central fires within her bosom fed,  
Search round the dismal place they have consum'd,  
Spurning their prison house,—yet still confin'd!

To such remembrance in her ceaseless stream,  
Bears nought but evil: each succeeding wave,  
Freighted with sorrow whelms the burning heart,

And then retires to give another place,  
To pain the soul afresh. These tell of wrongs  
Received, and cherished hopes forever crush'd;

Tho' fancy nurs'd them early into bloom,  
And caught the dews of heaven and sunshine too  
To form an Iris—emblem of their fate!

Then rise the ghastly shadows of the past—  
The tears of friends—the scorn of foes confest—  
The multitude's loud laugh—the world's disdain—

The secret glance of envy—the bold stare  
Of wonder pointed to the victim's brow—  
And worst, the *seeming* sympathy that probes

Each wound, but just to learn how deep it lies.

Anon, the *future* turns her ample page,  
And hope with sunbeam pencil flutters round  
For aught to point at—but alas! in vain!

Then comes despair, and fills the gloomy space  
With dire forbodings, images of woe!  
Each avenue that leads to joy, cut off;

The world, a lone and dreary waste, and time  
But lent to teach us how to bear its ills—  
What wonder then the broken heart should deem,

Its greatest bliss forgetfulness of woe,  
Its greatest pain, a thought of former joy!



Now from those scenes which virtue dreads to name,  
 The child of guilt with noiseless step returns;  
 And oft perverts that power which stamps the man,  
 The noblest born of earth, in looking up,  
 To watch the spreading dawn, lest some bright ray  
 Beyond its fellows borne, perchance might shew  
 The world his infamy. Now hast'ning home  
 From yonder shed where burns a glimm'ring light,  
 That meets the twilight with a sickly beam,  
 —Emblem of pain and wretchedness within—  
 The minister of God pursues his way.  
 All night, that messenger of peace has strove,  
 To point an erring brother to the skies;  
 Or breath'd those prayers which angels love to bear  
 As incense up to heaven. His cries were heard,  
 And mercy stooping from its sphere, embrac'd  
 The Prodigal, and made him heir of heaven.  
 Soon, over mountain, river, wood and field,  
 The rising sun shall cast his golden beams;  
 Awak'ning life and harmony and love,  
 O'er the wide landscape. Forth from hall and bow'r,  
 (With views more different than the roads they take,)  
 The busy multitudes of man shall swarm,  
 Some to renew their toil upon the plains,  
 As did their fathers for long ages past:—  
 Sons of the soil, deep rooted in their lands!  
 Others to breathe the healthful air, and view  
 Those beautiful colours of the morning sky;  
 To bow at nature's glorious shrine, and feel  
 Her soothing powers dispensing health and joy,  
 Fresh from the hand of God. Others again,  
 Strangers to all the splendours of the day,  
 Alike unconscious of earth's fairest charms,  
 —Where gold may not be found—pass quickly on,  
 Mutt'ring their thoughts of mortgages and bonds,  
 And vested rights, as Mammon gives them names.  
 Here too, the sons of pleasure, (falsely nam'd)  
 Fly from their city haunts to live an hour  
 In heaven's own sunshine. These tho' strange it seem

Riot by choice in folly's boist'rous set ;  
 And like the hideous monsters of the deep,  
 But stop to breathe, then seek the dark again:  
 Here—and perchance the foremost after dawn,  
 To brush the dew-drops from these clust'ring flowers—  
 The child of genius seeks this lonely spot,  
 To hold communion—not with selfish friends  
 —Who smile to wound, and flatter to betray—  
 But far around, above, beneath, he finds  
 Companions meet to cheer him on his way.  
 The rocks, the fields, the never failing spring,  
 That bubbles from its fountain, where the winds  
 Kiss its cold bosom op'ning to the day—  
 The clouds that flit along the morning sky,  
 And the young birds that soar, and soaring blend,  
 Their first sweet songs to greet the rising sun—  
 The noble river hast'ning on to meet  
 The all-devouring ocean, where its waves  
 Are toss'd as if in scorn to meet a foe—  
 These, and a thousand others, voiceless deem'd,  
 Because the world's dull ear they cannot charm,  
 He hears, and on the wings of every breeze,  
 Pours his sweet aspirations in return.  
 What tho' o'er him sad penury may cast  
 Her cold dark shadows, prison'd in her train,  
 She cannot steal the sacred gift of heaven,  
 The first the dearest birthright of his soul.  
 Here, as in mockery of the pride of man,  
 Two wide extremes of character are join'd,  
 The miser who is prodigal of time,  
 Bart'ring his health and happiness for gold ;  
 And the mad *prodigal* who holds each sin  
 With miser care, nor drops it till he dies.  
 Such, as they throng the public walks of life,  
 Cloth'd in deep selfishness—that monster crime,  
 First born of sinful nature—leave small space  
 For virtue's humble sons, who dread their touch,  
 As shrinks the Indian from his crested foe.  
 No grey disjointed circle here is found,

To tell of Druid rites in ages gone ;  
 When the pale frenzied priest in sight of God,  
 Exulting spill'd his derin'd brother's blood,  
 And thought the sacrifice a boon for heaven :  
 But here perchance the Indian warrior stood,  
 In battle's front, and met his swarthy foe ;  
 While death look'd on impatient of delay,  
 'To seize the weaker victim. Captives led  
 Along the margin of this limpid stream,  
 The vanquish'd in their sorrow may have pass'd,  
 To swell the triumphs of the savage field.

Ah ! who can tell the future ? Mighty time !  
 Thy steps are on the mountains, and they fall,  
 Thy breath is on the rivers, and they shrink  
 'To puny streams, unnotic'd as they flow.  
 Thou see'st the rise of empires and decline,  
 And cities' flourish with their domes and towers,  
 And glitt'ring palaces the pride of Kings :—  
 Anon they waste away, and ruin sows  
 His deadly nightshade o'er their tombless graves.  
 Or if a vestige of their place remain,  
 The slimy crocodile and bittern keep,  
 Each gloomy crevice and dismantled wall  
 By right of long possession. Thus the world  
 Proves—tho' unwilling—from the book of time,  
 That man's fix'd dwelling is not under heaven.

## ODE

## ON THE BIRTH OF THE PRINCE.

BRITANNIA! bid thy thunders roar  
 In mighty homage to the day;  
 High on thy sea-surrounded shore  
 Let the green waves exulting play:  
 And bid the standard proudly flow,  
 That never sank beneath a foe,

Then marshal forth the brave in arms,  
 Who make thy weal their constant care;  
 And bring thy daughters in their charms,  
 First of their sex—surpassing fair—  
 And let one strain their lips employ,—  
 The tribute of a nation's joy!

Bid Erin's hearts of love and war,  
 Bid Scotia's hardy vet'rans rise,  
 Bid Ocean's *loneliest Rock* afar,  
 All send their plaudits to the skies:  
 And summer Isles in eastern seas,  
 Spread far and wide the spicy breeze.

The Islands o'er whose coral groves,  
 The South-sea ocean spreads its foam;  
 Where blest, retired, the native roves,  
 Nor seeks remote a happier home;  
 Shall hear the news, and gladly own,  
 The Heir of Albion's pearl-built throne.

Hindustan's myriads loud shall cheer,  
 The Royal scion of her kings;—  
 Columbia's loyal sons shall hear,



As in her woods the anthem rings;  
And o'er the ocean's waste shall roll  
"God save the Prince!" from pole to pole.

Prince of the great! no slave may share,  
Thy country's genial clime with thee;  
Or, if he breathe thy native air,  
'Tis but to breathe it, and BE FREE:  
The sun, that ever gilds thy grounds,  
Sees not a slave within their bounds.

Thy voice is but an infant's wail,  
Thy laugh is but an infant's smile,  
And anxious care must long prevail,  
Thy childish sorrows to beguile;  
Ere chang'd thy cradled couch of down,  
For Britain's sceptre and her crown.

But oh! what thousands *then* shall press,  
To catch thy smile—to hear thy voice—  
The injur'd, to implore redress,  
The great, to banquet and rejoice;  
The wise and good, to claim their place,  
The guilty, to beseech thy grace.

Ere measur'd out thy mortal day,  
—While yet an earthly crown is thine—  
Nations may sink in dark decay,  
That now with brightest splendour shine;  
And at thy feet sublimely hurl'd,  
May lie their portion of the world.

From evil's foul transforming blight,  
From slavish error's dangerous chain,  
From private fraud—from open fight,  
Uninjur'd be thy future reign!  
First of the mighty, wise and free,  
May Heaven uphold both thine and thee!

## AN ELEGY.

TEARS and smiles together blending,  
 Oft possess a magic power,  
 When the briny drops descending,  
 Glitter like some sunny shower;  
 But the helpless child of sorrow  
 Bruis'd and smitten as he lies,  
 From kind tears no bliss can borrow,  
 Tears are strangers to his eyes.

Yes, the sons of grief have spoken;  
 As the desert winds they sigh—  
 "Lo! the wretch whose heart is broken,  
 Finds the source of tears is dry!"  
 Yet if copious streams distilling,  
 Might but warm that breast of thine,  
 Friendship's holiest fount revealing,  
 None should flow more free than mine.

Though the mutual ties that bound us,  
 Long have ceas'd to urge their sway;  
 Yet had friendship thrown around us,  
 Bonds I cannot cast away.  
 In my bosom memory lingers,  
 Past enjoyments to recall;  
 Like the sunbeam's golden fingers,  
 Bright in some deserted hall.

Emulous as summer breezes,  
 Clust'ring round the Sabbath bell;  
 Prompt as the first sound arises,  
 Far to bear the holy knell;

Gentle spirits stood around him,  
 —Gentle still in life was he—  
 Till each earthly tie that bound him,  
 Burst, and left his spirit free.

Yet these bonds full long detain'd him,  
 Struggling in a house of pain;  
 Parents, children, wife, restrain'd him,  
 —Links in nature's silken chain:—  
 Thus the willow, old or blighted,  
 Bends its branches to the earth;  
 These, to earth again united,  
 Give the stock a second birth.

But his tent of clay forsaken,  
 Lost in death's unlovely gloom;  
 Will my friend no more awaken  
 From the slumber of the tomb?  
 Hold the winds, and bind the ocean—  
 Bid old time forget his sway—  
 Yet shall faith with firm devotion,  
 Point the Resurrection day!

### VERSES TO A CHARITABLE LADY.

LADY! 'tis said that Eden's glorious bowers,  
 Shrunk at the touch of woman's daring hand; [ers,  
 When death stalk'd forth and pluck'd the beauteous flow  
 Which God had planted in that happy land.

And oft when nations mourn or kindreds grieve,  
 We hear the dull response of many a tongue :  
 " For such we well may blame our mother Eve,  
 Who brav'd the wrath of heaven and did the wrong."

Each tolling bell that wounds its airy space,  
 Like voice of death exulting o'er his prey ;  
 But tells the fate descending through our race,  
 The sad inheritance of life's short day.

But lady, though our life is doom'd to fail,  
 Though pain and grief the trembling world explore,  
 Though death's lone voice is heard in many a gale,  
 And Eden's beauteous flowers may bloom no more :

Yet heav'n ordain'd in pity, that the hand,  
 Which wrought in paradise our desperate fall ;  
 Should since, stretch'd forth in each devoted land,  
 Bear the full cup of earthly bliss to all.

Oh ! what were man depriv'd of woman's smile,  
 Her " sweet society and winning care ?"  
 A savage, with full cunning to beguile,  
 And force, each weaker brother to ensnare.

Wide as the spacious earth her love extends—  
 Like oil o'er ocean's raging billows cast,  
 With man's fierce passions her sweet influence blends,  
 And woman's voice is heard to still the blast.

Beside the couch where poverty and pain  
 Mingle the bitter draught of human ill ;  
 Woman is ever found, nor found in vain,  
 An angel's cheering mission to fulfil.

Then who the shifting problem shall explain,  
 —With CHARITY'S white flag aloft unfurl'd ?—  
 EVE turn'd an Eden, to a world of pain,  
 Her daughters make an Eden of the world !



# THE LOST CHILD.

MUTE is the plaintive Whip-poor-will,  
The woods are hush'd in deep repose ;  
And echo lingers on the hill,  
As night's advancing shadows close.

Far to his lonely woodland bow'r,  
The insect bird has wing'd his way ;  
And twilight's soft and soothing power,  
O'er nature holds its tranquil sway.

As night extends its ample wings,  
The armies of the sky are seen,  
Marshal'd in heaven's resplendent plain,  
With meteor banners rais'd between.

Around the lonely forest clear,  
Where DUGALD's humble mansion stood :  
No sound assails the listning ear,  
To break the silence of the wood.

But why sits Dugald in his shed,  
Like wounded lion in his lair ?  
When late his partner join'd the dead,  
Heaven left a son, his smile to share :

And is there not one nameless grace,  
Which busy memory may explore ;  
Reflected in the boy's sweet face,  
To shew his mother's charms once more ?

Hark ! from the cot a voice is heard,  
 It bursts upon the listless air ;  
 And where nor voice nor zephyr stirr'd,  
 Loud rise the wailings of despair.

'Tis Dugald's voice—the strong man weeps,  
 —Though fain to curb each rising moan—  
 O'er yon far hill his watch he keeps,  
 His watch, alas ! is kept alone,

As late his arm had kill'd in flight,  
 The swiftest moose deer of the plain ;  
 The red man claim'd it as his right,  
 The Scotian held his trophy slain :

But foolish held—revenge not slow,  
 Has dash'd the white man's cup of joy ;  
 The savage mark'd him as his foe,  
 And now has robb'd him of his boy !

But ere the latest trace of day  
 Had vanish'd from the glowing west ;  
 He mark'd the Indian's devious way,  
 And hope still lingers in his breast,

All night he slept not, and the beam  
 Of morn had scarcely ting'd the sky ;  
 When forth he went o'er hill and stream,  
 Resolv'd to gain his boy, or die.

What if the Indian's dreadful spear,  
 Should shed his blood in forest wild ?  
 He had a heart its point to bear,  
 But not a heart to lose his child.

And as the mists of night were driven,  
 Before the morning's balmy air ;  
 His tearful eye was rais'd to heaven,  
 In all the eloquence of prayer.

Forth from his path, with nimble bound,  
 The grey fox scarce awaken'd sprung—  
 The woodman's eyes but sought the ground,  
 Unus'd, his trusty rifle hung.

Deep heav'd his breath, his cheek was pale,  
 His locks receiv'd the morning dew ;  
 While quick along the new made trail,  
 With all affection's speed he flew.

Now from a hill's steep summit gain'd,  
 His sight through morning's mists he strain'd,  
 Where deep with heaven's ethereal blue,  
 The broad St. Lawrence met his view ;  
 Rolling away his ample floods,  
 'Mid frowning rocks and gloomy woods.

Here sat the eagle, forest king,  
 There the slow heron flapp'd her wing ;  
 And rising boldly on his way,  
 The hungry raven sought his prey ;  
 Intent to gorge his restless maw,  
 In Schlosser's woods, or Chippewa.

Close to this spot, a vapour hung,  
 Which o'er the scene its shadow flung,  
 And as in dark grey wreaths it curl'd,  
 Where down that steep, the torrent hurl'd,  
 The floods gave forth a fearful sound,  
 And shook th' affrighted hills around.

Unheard, a thousand thunders' roar,  
 Might burst on that resounding shore ;  
 So close the folds of that deep cloud,  
 The fearful din arose so loud,  
 No wonder Dugald stopp'd to trace,  
 The boldest scene on nature's face !  
 'Twas but a point—a moment won,  
 By nature from her suffering son ;  
 "My child ! my child !" he madly cried,  
 And hasten'd to the river's side.

Again he paus'd ; there was a cove,  
 Where the deep eddying waters drove,  
 Ere yet like captive bird unchain'd,  
 The rapids' nearest verge they gain'd,  
 There, first confus'd, the trail he lost,  
 By many a wand'ring footmark cross'd,  
 This way and that, he tries in vain,  
 'Till tortur'd patience turns to pain :  
 Once more to heaven he lifts his eye—  
 Alas ! the source of tears is dry.

Thus while he strain'd both eye and ear,  
 Aught of the foe to see or hear ;  
 Say was it fancy that portray'd  
 Yon willow bending in the shade ;  
 Though scarce the lightest summer breeze  
 Wav'd the tall branches of the trees ?

'Twas no delusion—at one bound,  
 He clear'd the intervening ground,  
 And big with passion stood beside  
 The tree to which his son was tied ;  
 One moment, and he fondly prest,  
 His boy in silence to his breast.

Now courage Dugald ! there's a sight,  
 A heart less firm than thine t' affright,  
 Collect thy senses—rouse thy might !

Near where the settler's son was bound,  
 Three warriors lay in sleep profound ;  
 Their lullaby the torrent gave,  
 Their "light canoes" just kiss'd the wave ;  
 'Two, to an aged elm made fast,  
 Alike defy'd the stream or blast ;  
 The third, for sudden action meet,  
 Was free, but near its owner's feet :  
 And each bold savage as he lay,  
 Seem'd starting to the deathful fray.

How shall the Scot the rescue try ?  
 'Tis vain among these woods to fly :  
 With Indian's eyes, and Indian's feet,



In sight so keen, in chase so fleet,  
 No equal means can he employ,  
 Thus cumber'd with his helpless boy.

Now the bold project tries his brain,  
 But reason tells the project vain ;  
 Sway'd as by heaven at length he strode,  
 And cast their arms beneath the flood ;  
 One paddle to the stream convey'd,  
 —The rest a warrior's pillow made—  
 Then loos'd his son and silent bore,  
 His treasure'd burthen to the shore.  
 Oh ! if the farther side he gain,  
 His foes might find each effort vain !  
 A hundred arms would there unite,  
 To guard the gallant Dugald's right,  
 And dear the savage horde should pay  
 The forfeit of so bold a fray.

Now now, his utmost strength he tries,  
 And o'er the stream his vessel flies ;  
 While oft, a backward look he throws,  
 To watch the slumber of his foes :  
 They move, they rise, his flight they view ;  
 They raise the warhoop, and pursue !

As some dark cloud by storms unbound,  
 Whose shadow sweeps the sun-lit ground,  
 Swift in their course, on, on, they come,  
 Half hid in wreaths of whit'ning foam.

The first canoe, two warriors bore—  
 One, press'd her as with magic oar ;  
 And as she held her threatening way,  
 One, held a knife prepar'd to slay :  
 While further up the sweeping tide,  
 To stop retreat on either side,  
 The third, his active paddle plied.

Poor Dugald marks with anxious eye,  
 Small chance to fight, but less to fly ;  
 Above him, sits his wary foe,—  
 The falls' deep thunder rolls below ;

'This way or that, 'tis mortal pain;  
By man, or by his maker slain.

His paddle now aside is thrown;  
He grasps a weapon longer known;  
A brother's gift, ere Dugald sought;  
'Thy wilds Columbia! even in thought.

Though long and loud—the rifle's sound  
By that dread waterfall is drown'd;  
The eye, the bullet's course can tell,  
Where innocent of life it fell;  
It struck the paddle as it play'd,  
And snapt the handle from the blade;  
'The splinter with the Indian lay—  
'The better portion floats away!

Dugald regains his tiny oar,  
And tries his chance for life once more.

Alas! the rapids' dreadful scope,  
Leaves scanty room for Dugald's hope:  
For now within the whelming flood  
Sweep the pursuers and pursu'd.

Now Dugald! thy good paddle ply—  
Henceforth, no foe thy strength shall try,  
Save the strong floods—the Indians sweep  
Like seabirds o'er the stormy deep—  
Their distant brother ere too late,  
Sees and avoids his comrades' fate;  
Whilst they resolv'd, meet death's dread form,  
'Their souls a portion of the storm!

As the huge engine's ceaseless play,  
Drives some lone vessel on her way,  
So true so constant and so strong,  
The settler urg'd his craft along;  
One moment, on the flood he gains,  
The next, he lies as held in chains:  
But ah! his strength is doom'd to fail,  
He sits exhausted sad and pale;

His gallant race is nearly run,  
He sinks beside his weeping son!

That dark and helpless moment past,  
His tartan coat away he cast;  
Again he grasps his maple blade,  
By sweat and blood adhesive made;  
Each burning vein anew distends,  
Each joint is knit, each muscle bends,  
Heaven with fresh strength his hand supplies—  
His buoyant hopes once more arise—  
From flood and foe the Scot is free,  
Beneath Goat Island's friendly lee!

That day, above the falls' deep roar,  
A clear and beauteous rainbow rose;  
Like some bright spirit bending o'er,  
The scene of Dugald's recent woes.

And ere the sun his zenith gain'd,  
His signal caught the mainland view;  
Nor idle long, his friends remain'd,  
Quick o'er the stream their shallop flew:

They touch the Isle, and safe return,  
While many a heart is full with joy:  
Nor envy's self, those tears could mourn,  
Which Dugald wept upon his boy!

## EARLY PIETY.

*Written for a young Lady's Album.*

SWEET is the light of early morn,  
 When merging from their ocean bed,  
 The welcome sunbeams far adorn  
 Each lordly home and lowly shed ;—  
 But holier far, the first bright beam,  
 The spirit sheds o'er life's dark stream.

Sweet is the earliest breath of spring,  
 When o'er the gray-clad earth it goes ;  
 And every green and living thing,  
 Wak'd by its touch luxuriant grows ;—  
 But sweeter far the heavenly power,  
 That hallows youth's short dang'rous hour.

Sweet are the notes that oft ascend,  
 From sun-lit plain or shady grove ;  
 When clear harmonious voices blend,  
 In one loud song of new-born love ;—  
 But sweeter, lovelier, far arise  
 The soul's first breathings to the skies.

'Tis sweet to view the summer's rose,  
 Expanding into early bloom :  
 While every tardy breeze that blows,  
 Is laden with the rich perfume ;—  
 But richer than the scents of even,  
 The young heart's incense mounts to heaven.



There is a flower more blooming far,  
 Than ever grew on earth's cold breast ;  
 There is a more resplendent star,  
 Than ever deck'd the sky's bright crest ;—  
 That flower, that star, is only found,  
 To bloom, to shine on holy ground.

And oft that fair and fragile flower  
 Has brav'd the elemental war ;  
 And oft in nature's darkest hour  
 Is seen the light of that clear star ;—  
 'Tis faith in God, and rigid truth,  
 The prop of age, the guide of youth !

